

WRANGLING

a halter to be led and ridden. The animal was roped with the cow pony keeping the rope taut, while a rope halter was slipped on the frightened animal. Once this rope halter was on, and the horse got used to it, then a bit was put into the mouth, and the bronco became a tame "critter."

RESERVOIRS AND WELLS

Dad constructed the dam for the Gunnison Reservoir. Thus he had plenty of water for his irrigation canals that supplied Antelope Ranch. Here, Russian wheat was grown totaling a few thousand bushels, and the meadows were irrigated on which timothy hay (grass crop) was harvested once a year. The reservoir water shares were incorporated and later supplied the fields to the south in Gunnison Valley. Dad built his first large dam and backed up the water for irrigation projects. He drove the first deep wells for culinary water which, too bad to acknowledge, was brackish and hard to drink by newcomers. Our big house was supplied with running water and bath tub, facilitated by the construction of a windmill driving a pump with pipes esconed in the deep well. The water was pumped to the big cistern built on the third floor attic, giving running water for the house hold needs. Also we had a lighting plant affording artificial light to the rooms throughout the house. There was always a hotel aspect to our house when Dad was at home because he had friends by the bunches dropping in for a meal or a few days at a time, or, as it might happen, to accept his invitation to pick all the plums, peaches, or pears they wanted. In later days the Big House in Gunnison was a hotel and is even up to this day.

*Others
by
Laura
Christensen
McCurdy
Clark*

DAD'S BIG BARN

The Big Barn built of rock was a construction that sheltered the farm machinery which supplied the countryside with mowers, reapers, hay rakes, sulky ploughs, wagons. There was also in this building stalls for the imported stallions — a Clydesdale from Scotland and a Percheron from Europe — which were bedded in straw and fed alfalfa and oats. These supplies were kept in the northeast corner of the spacious building. The finest hay and alfalfa was stored in the loft. One end was reserved for coffins and boxes for these needed items. It was up here that we used to explore, coming across discarded spinning wheels and spindles for thrift of earlier-day life, when the cloth was home made. This homely craft was supplanted by the easier to obtain silks, plush, and brocades in the bundles toted by the Armenian traveling merchants who came to our house.

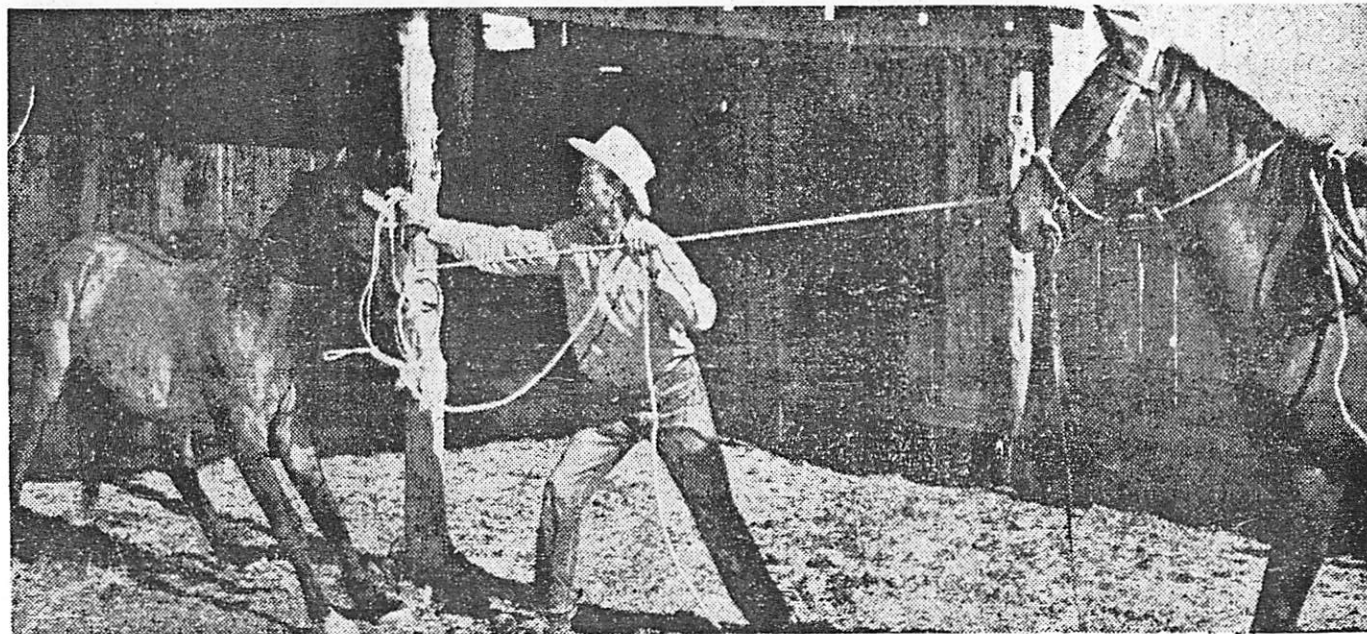
DAD'S RACING TRACKS

Down at Axtell, on the way to Salina, was the racing tracks, used for the sport of the two counties. Betting was a rather tame affair because money was scarce. However, worth-while articles of some value were often pledged and won or lost. The races had a variety of features in horses and types of races. The fine thoroughbred sorrel standard breds, earlier known as Hambeltonians, were powerfully gaited, of great nerve, and gameness. Some of them weighed a thousand and a quarter pounds. There were pacers and trotters — with jockey riders and also the breath-taking sulky races. The tracks were leveled and rolled. Great care was given to the horses and drivers.

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.A.M., JUNE 28-29, 1990



AP photo

End of the line — almost

Participants in the Wyoming Centennial Wagon is just one of several events Wyoming has planned for its 100th birthday celebration, will end its 260-mile journey along the Bridger Trail.



One of the exciting parts of the Legend of the Rawhide pageant involves the circling of the wagons on the plains near Lusk. This year's production will involve at least a dozen covered wagons and over 200 participants



PLOWMAN'S DAWN

By

Chesta Holt Fulmer

Photograph by Dr. J.B. Pardoe

THERE is a glory of the day
That city dwellers can not know,
When night, in silence, steals away,
When sunshine comes and shadows go.

THE early plowman in the field
Lifts up his eyes to coming morn,
And reverently he stays his task
And watches as the day is born.

THE very trees seem now to stand
More silently, as if in prayer,
The song of birds is hushed and still,
There is a glory in the air.

HE STANDS this moment silently,
His feet pressed deep into the sod,
The city dweller can not know
Such unity of man—and God.